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*WHITTINGTON*

AND

HIS CAT.

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*L. M. Peter*  
*1821*



**WHITTINGTON,**  
**LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.**

THE *M. F.*  
ADVENTURES *Vol. 1*  
OF  
WHITTINGTON  
AND  
*HIS CAT.*

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Ornamented with neat engravings on wood.

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## DICK WHITTINGTON.

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DICK WHITTINGTON was but a very little boy when his parents died, indeed so young, that he neither knew them, or the place he was born in. After strolling about the country as ragged as a colt for a long time, he met with a waggoner going to London, who gave him leave to walk by the side of his waggon. As he had heard the streets of London were paved with gold, his intention was to get some of it. But how great must be his disappointment, to find the streets covered with dirt, and himself without food, friends, money, or any person to give him a character! In this state of distress, Dick asked charity of several people; one of them said, Go to work, you idle rogue. That I will, says he, with all my heart; I'll work for you if you'll let



me: the man thinking the expression impertinent, gave him so violent a blow on his head with his stick, that the blood ran down his face.

In this pitiable plight, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a merchant, who scolded him for sitting there, and bid him go to work. Whittington said, that indeed he would if any one would employ him. He then edeavoured to get up, but was so weak he fell down again: this excited compassion in the merchant, and he ordered the footman to take him in, and give him meat and drink, and let him help the cook to do any dirty work.

Whittington would have lived happily, had he not been bumped about by the ill-natured cross cook. But Miss Alice, his master's daughter, was informed of it, so she made the servants treat him kindly. Besides the crossness of the cook, Whittington had another disagreeable to get over before he could be happy. He had a bed placed for him in the garret, where there was such a number of rats and mice, that they often ran over the poor boy's nose, and disturbed him in his sleep. However, a gentleman who came to his master's house gave Whittington a penny for brushing his shoes. And the next day seeing in the street a woman with a cat under her arm, he ran up to her to know the price of it. The woman, as the cat was a good mouser, asked a great price, but on Whittington telling his sad tale, she let him have it for a penny.

The cat he concealed in the garret, and she soon killed or frightened away



the rats and mice, so that the poor boy could now sleep as well as ever.

The merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, called for all his servants, that each might venture something to try their luck. All the servants appeared but poor Whittington: Miss Alice, supposing his poverty kept him away, ordered him to be called.

She then offered to lay down something for him: but the merchant told his daughter that would not do, for it must be something of his own. Upon which poor Whittington said he had nothing but a cat. Fetch thy cat, said the merchant, and send her.

Whittington brought puss, and

delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes. All the company laughed at the oddity of the adventure, and Miss Alice, who pitied the poor boy, gave him something to buy another cat.

The cook still using him so cruelly, he could bear her ill usage no longer, and determined to run away. He set out early in the morning; having got as far as Holloway, he sat himself down to rest on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, when Bow bells began ringing, and his imagination fancied they invited him to return, by expressing the two following lines:

Turn again Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of great London.

Lord Mayor of London, said Whittington to himse'f, what should not one endure to arrive at the honor of riding in such a a grand coach with six horses; well, I'll e'en go back, and bear all the pummelling of



Cicely, rather than lose the pleasure of being Lord Mayor. So home he run, and got into the house before Cicely came down stairs.

The ship which carried out his cat was many times very near being lost ; and after contending with the boisterous seas for a long time, they were fortunate enough to reach the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors. The inhabitants received them very kindly, and the captain showed them the the different patterns of his cargo, which pleased them mightily, and the king and queen invited the captain and factor to dine with them at the palace. Here they were seated on elegant chairs, and the floor covered with carpets, flowered with gold and silver. The king and queen being seated at the upper end of the table, and dinner brought in, which consisted of the greatest dainties, in a number of covered dishes ; the moment the covers were taken off, a quantity of rats and mice jumped

on the table, and devoured the whole dinner. The factor, in great surprise, asked one of the nobles in waiting if these vermin were not offensive. Oh, yes, said he, very offensive, and the king would give half his treasure to get rid of them. The captain jumped for joy, and immediately recollected poor Dick's cat, and told their majesties there was a small creature on board his ship would dispatch them presently. The king was greatly pleased at this news. Let the creature be brought, said he, immediately, and if he performs what you promise, which I think impossible, I will, in exchange for her, load your ship home with gold, and the richest jewels of my country.

The factor immediately went for puss, and another dinner was provided for the company, which the rats and mice were devouring again, just as the factor returned with puss; like lightening she sprung out of his arms on the floor, and presently killed



and drove away every rat and mouse from the room.

The king was astonished to see so small a creature drive away in an instant all his old enemies; and, according to his promise, bought all the merchandise the captain had in his ship, and then paid him for the cat, which amounted to ten times as much as the whole cargo besides.

It was that very day twelve months, and about the same hour in the morning, on which Whittington fancied Bow bells advised him to return, that the captain and factor waited on Mr. Fitzwarren. We have brought you good news, of your ship

Unicorn, said they, presenting him the bill of lading, and the casket of jewels which his cargo had fetched. Mr. Fitzwarren then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for so prosperous a voyage; then they shewed him the caskets of diamonds and rubies, which they received in exchange for Dick Whittington's cat, which surprised him beyond description; and with the utmost eagerness he cried out,

Go, call poor Dick, let's tell him of his fame,  
And Mr. Whittington shall be his name.

Mr. Fitzwarren was a very good man; for when he was told the treasure was too much for such a lad as Dick, he angrily replied, God forbid, that I should deprive him of a single penny of it; it is all his own, and he shall have it to a farthing; and ordered Mr. Whittington to be called into the parlour. The merchant then took him by the hand, and said, Mr. Whittington, I am in earnest; I sent



to congratulate you on the surprising success of your cat: she has produced you more riches than I am worth, and may you long enjoy it and be happy. Dick fancied himself in a dream; but when they opened the caskets, and showed him the treasure, which they assured him was entirely his own property, he fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God, and then laid the whole treasure at his master's feet, begging him to accept it; this Mr. Fitzwarren refused, saying, he heartily rejoiced at his prosperity, and hoped it would be comfort to him, and make him happy. Mr. Whittington then applied to his

mistress, and his good friend Miss Alice, who likewise refused taking the least part of it. Mr. Whittington then rewarded the captain, factor, and all the ship's crew for the care they had taken of his cargo, and distributed presents to all the servants, even to his old enemy the cook, for good minds will forgive trifling injuries.

Miss Alice, who always viewed him with the eye of compassion, now looked on him in another light, which probably was occasioned by his readiness to oblige her, and making her presents of such things as he knew she was fond of. — When the merchant discovered they had a regard for each other, he proposed a match, to which they both joyfully consented, and a day was fixed for the ceremony, when a number of friends were invited to the wedding. The day was spent with great happiness to the bride and bridegroom. Mr. Whittington served the office



of Sheriff of London in the year 1890, and was three times Lord Mayor.

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